



NEHRU BAL PUSTAKALAYA





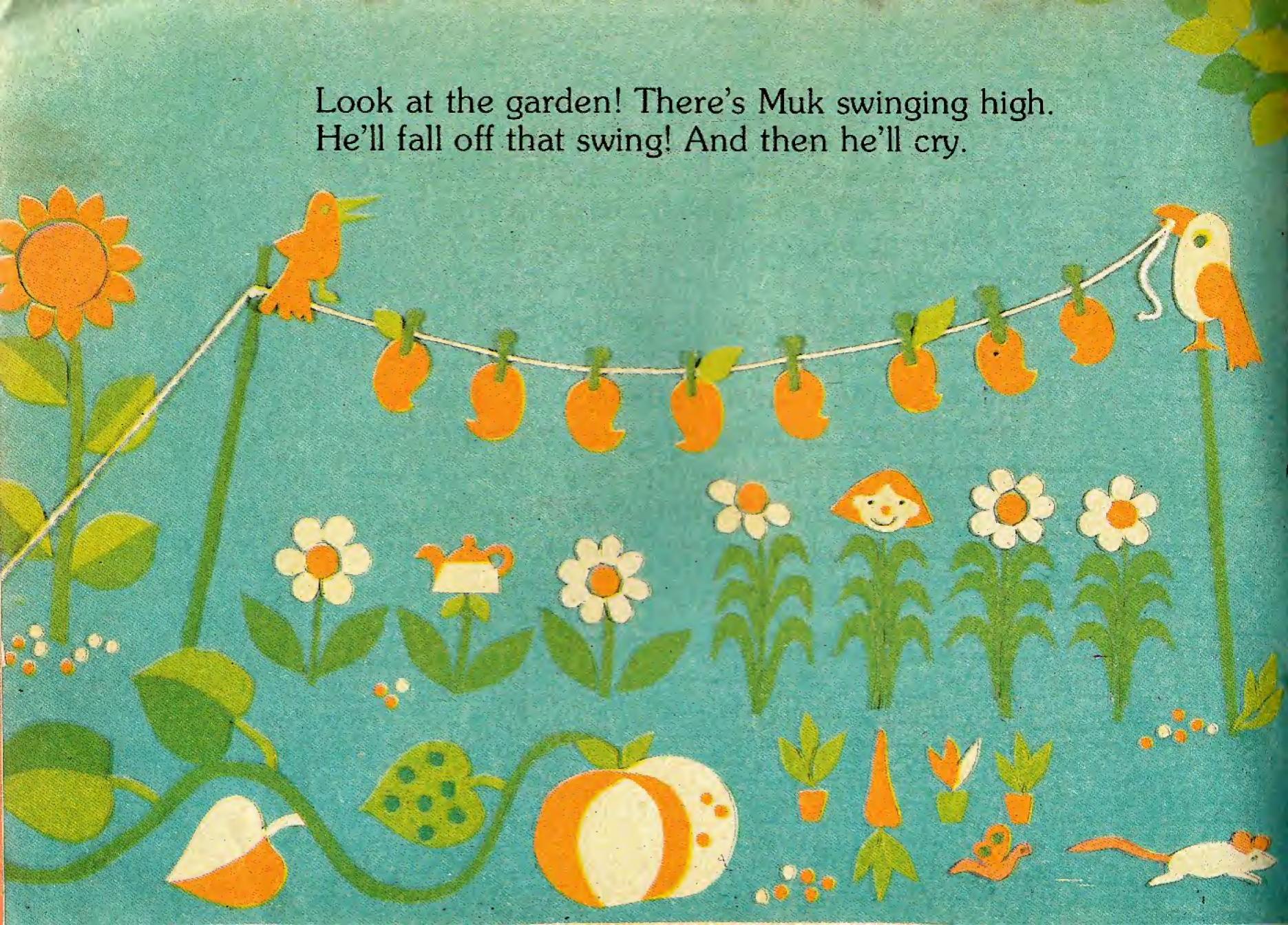


NATIONAL BOOK TRUST, INDIA



My brother Muk is a very bad boy. He pulls the cat's tail, breaks my favourite toy. He wears Papa's shoes and tears up my book. But Mummy says nothing—she doesn't even look. When I say, "That's wrong!" He cries, "No, that's right!" And that's how he starts another fight. Oh, nobody loves me. I'll run away. But look, what's there in the garden, hey? A pair of dark glasses! Are they for me? I try them on and what do I see? Everything's wrong, nothing's right! The world's all mixed up! What a wonderful sight!

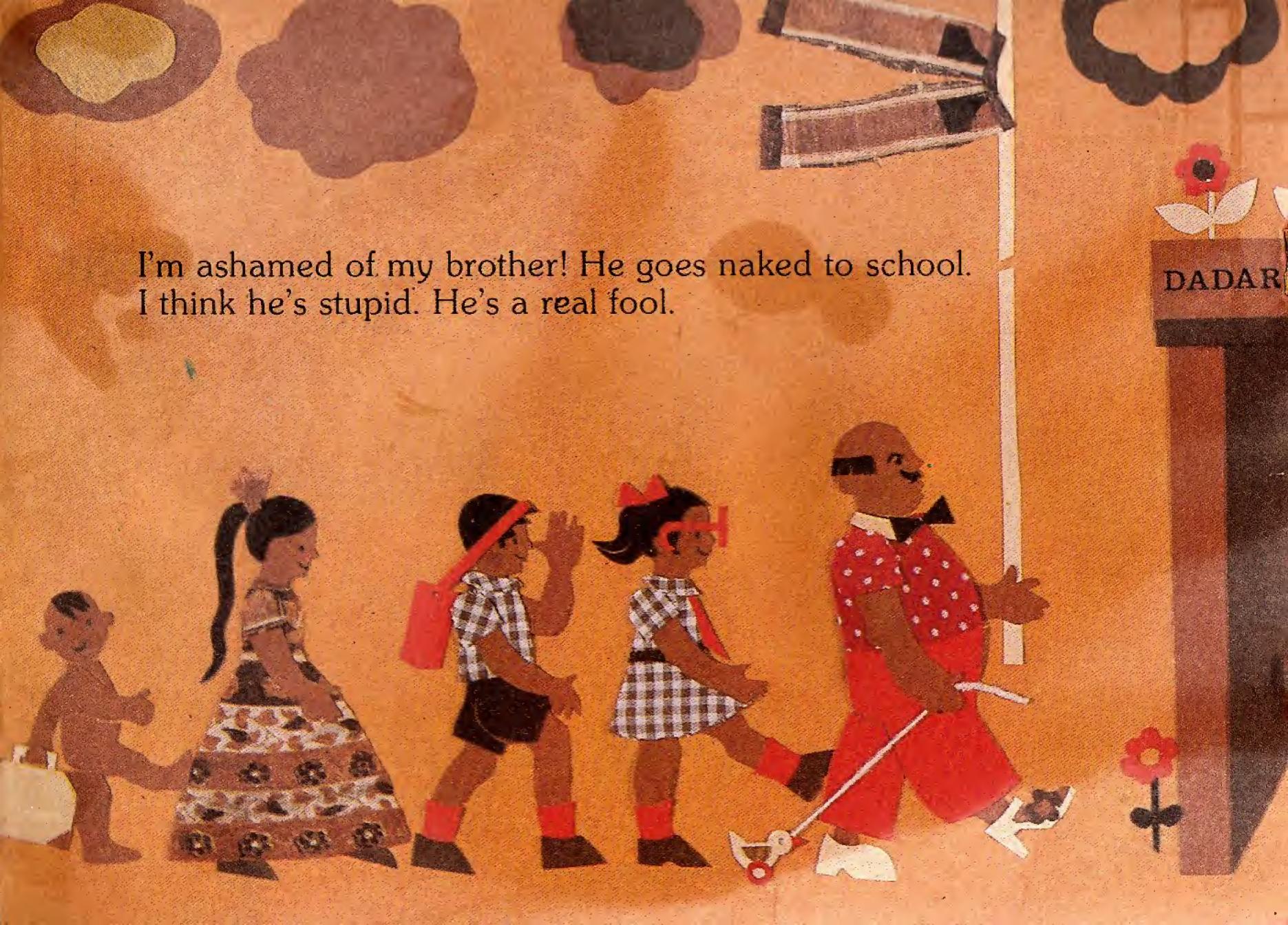








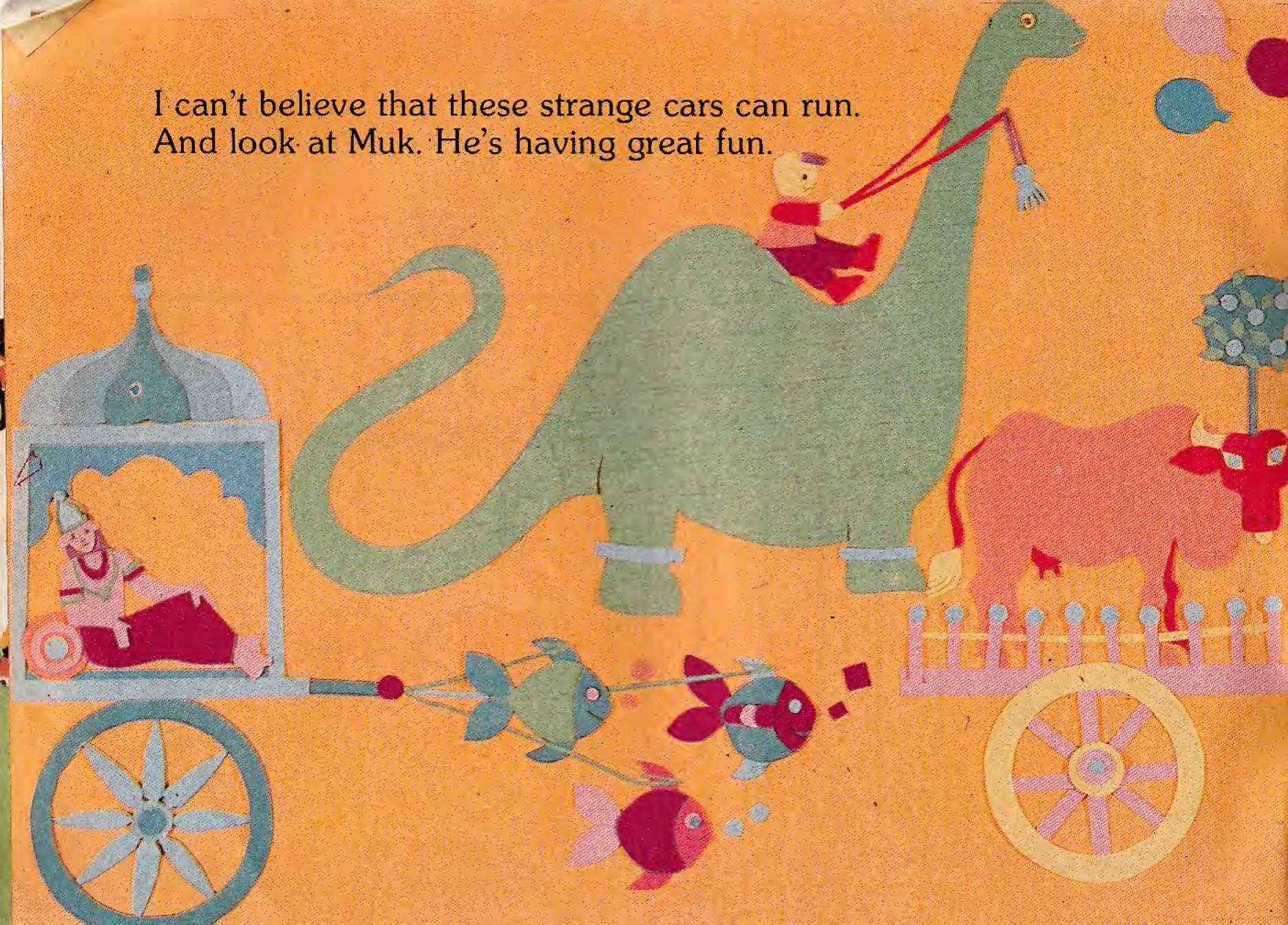




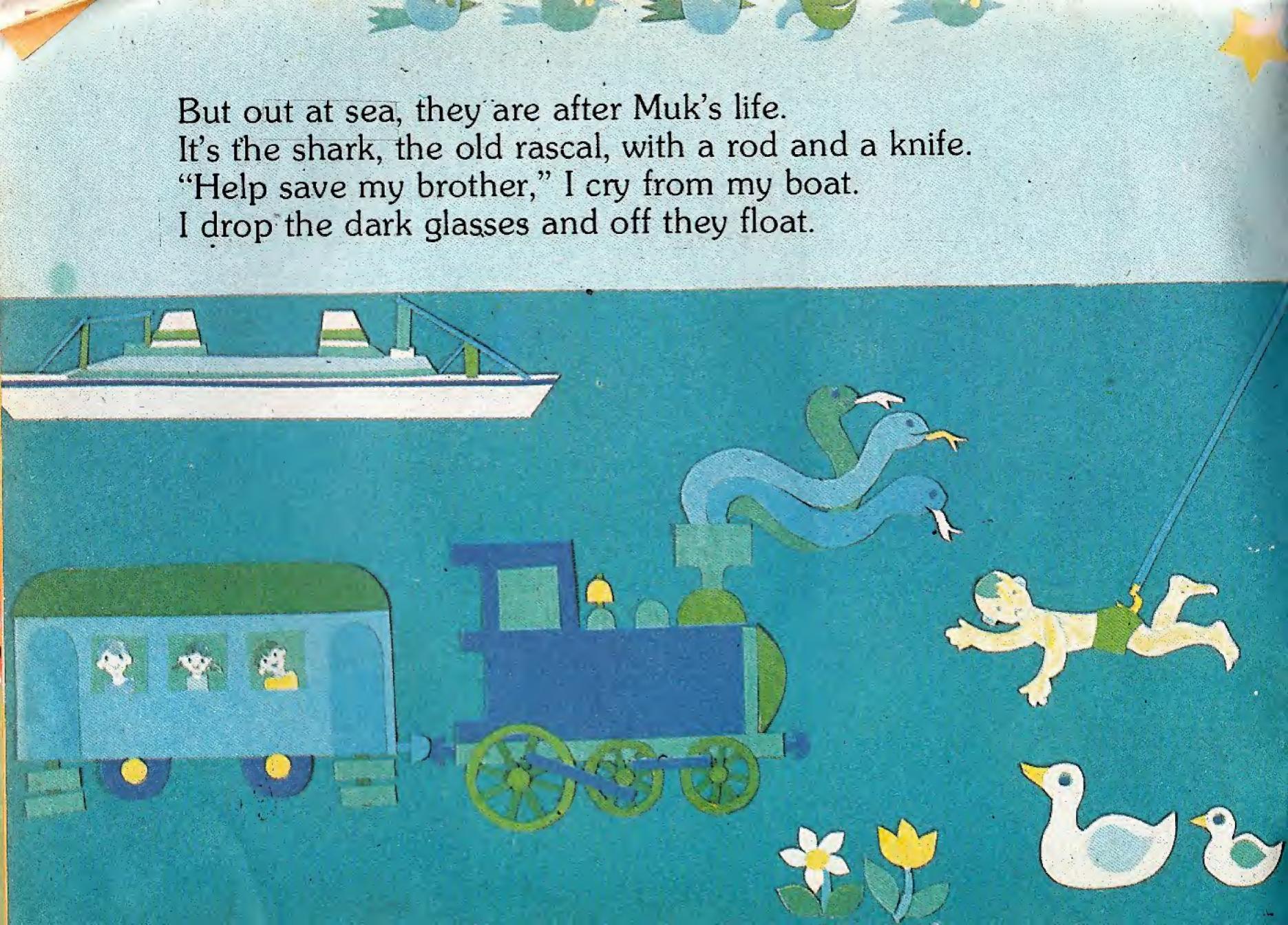














I'm back in my garden. Everything's just the same.

Someone comes running and calls out my name.

"Minni, O Minni! I've something for you."

It is Mukku, my brother in Papa's left shoe.

He says, "Take this laddoo and... I don't mean to be bad."

He really looks sorry! He almost looks sad.

I smile and I hug him and I say, "Okay—fine."

He's silly—he's naughty—but I'm glad he's mine.





